BRADSHAW'S
GHOST:

BEING A

DIALOGUE

Between the said GHOST,

AND AN

APPARITION

OF THE LATE

KING *CHARLES.*

Wherein are laid down severall Transactions that did occur in the many Passages of his life, never known before.

To which is added,

HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

The third Edition, Corrected and enlarg'd.

Patet atri Janua Ditis.

Printed in the Year, 1659.

Bradſhaw's Ghoſt.

AFter the fleeting current of many trancient years, *Truth*, the daughter of Time, began to ſhew her ſelfe, and by making new diſcoveries of old paſſages, ſo pull'd off that viſor of *Hypocriſie*, which had too long been worn, that oue might diſcover the true Phiſiognomy, and as it were *digito monſtrare*, point out with the finger, the *Aſſe* ennobled with the *Lions* skin; for, the Republican State-holders had no ſooner got into the Saddle, but they began to ride in a full cariere: the old Proverb in them was truly verified, *Set a Beggar on Horſeback, and he will ride to the Divel*; and ſo might they, if they had not been ſtopp'd; for, that State-monſter, *Bradſhaw*, for the better modelling of what was yet but in *Embrio* into a form, was mounted on the wings of ambitious malice, and put into an office of the greateſt truſt and profit in the Nation: But if (according to the vulgar opinion) Agues be ſpirits, then was *Bradſhaw* poſſeſſed, and the Divel being entred, he was now fit for what might in any manner be put upon him; and here, for a while, he lords it, till his *Mungrel* Maſters now tottering in tne Saddle, were by the Soldiery, thoſe Sons of Valour, quite diſmounted, and conſequently returned to their firſt original, which was to be *Terræ filii*.

This purgation wrought ſo ſtrongly, that *White-Hall* began to ſmell; for the Members defil'd themſelves ſo, that in every corner you would have ſworn had been *Atkins*: But *Bradſhaw* being exceeding coſtive, the

Divel owing him a ſhame, and now intending to pay it him home, the Phiſick wrought not, but lay grumbling in the gizzard, till what with that, and the ſtrength of conceit, he turn'd up his heels, and like a *Jade*, yielded the Crow a pudding.

Long had not theſe two companions the Soul and Body been parted, ere his *Ghoſt* began to appear, and pacing up and downe the diſmal ſhades of the more frightfull night, ſo terrifying the guilty conſciences of his late *Aſſociates*, was at laſt encountred, to its owne terror, by the Apparition of the late K. *Charles*, which upon the ſudden meeting thus accoſted him.

Ch. *And what art thou (bold fiend) that thus dareſt trouble theſe forbidden lodgings, forbidden (I ſay) to the ſteps of ſuch too curious, and more bold than welcome Gueſts: ſpeak, ſpeak, I ſay, whence art thou?*

Br. I am (quoth it) the *Ghoſt* of *Bradſhaw*, now condemn'd with unwearied walking, to trace this loathed place, to get a part, wherein was once my ambition, though now too dearly & too late repented.

Ch. *But tell me (fiend) what was the cauſe, in life, of your inveterate hate againſt me?*

Br. To ſpeak the truth, I hated not your perſon, but your ſtate, and that your lofty eye did never caſt a glance upon my ſhrub-like growth, I ſetting a value on my ſelfe, and ſuppoſing you ought with *Alexander* to have given honour, ſuch as befitted a Princes gift, though by me wholly undeſerved.

Ch. *Was that the cauſe indeed? know you not that Providence guides the hand of blinde Fortune, and though we would, we cannot give beyond our alotment? but ſurely, there were other motives that induced you to after actings, when you and your Complices firſt drew the Sword,*

Sword, you threw away the ſcaberd: ſuch crimes as yours, as great in this attempt, ſo ſtill muſt be carried on by acting greater; for, but to ſlack the hand, is as it were to loſe the day: but pray reveale the progreſſe of thoſe furious acts, which in a maze have put the world, and by their various changes almoſt reduced all into a Chaos?

Br. When firſt the ſound of War was noyſed abroad, it was conſidered by what means to ſteal the hearts of the People, no cloak was thought ſo fitting as that of *Religion*; nor any bait ſo apt to be caught at, as that of *liberty*: whereupon an alteration in the *one*, and a breach upon the *other* was proclaimed: we did trace *Jeroboam* in the like caſe; the meaneſt of the People we extolled and applauded; whoſe ignorance of what they would have, encreaſed their fury: 'twas therefore cloſely inſinuated, that ſome great ones muſt be removed, elſe the Work would meet with many dangerous oppoſitions, I need not relate the courſe was taken for perfecting the deſign; who were engaged, who diſcarded, who checked, who countenanced: *Reformation* was pretended by *all*, intended by *few*, for it is more than probable, that the Sword is an ill inſtrument for ſuch a work: but the work was begun, and it muſt be done; yet I verily ſuppoſe, much of the evils that have hapned, might have been prevented, if *you* had not been ſo pitifull.

Ch. *Truly I repent me not however of it, although long before my death, I was told by a great man in my Kingdome, when I had with* pity *diſmiſſed ſome active perſons againſt me, which I was adviſed to trye by a Councel of War; well (ſaid he) you may gain the Kingdome of Heaven by theſe doings; but if ever you get*

the

the Kingdome of England, *I never ſaw the like: how true I have found theſe words, I am ſure you, and all the world know.*

Br. That was it I was comming to; for had you kept the rein of government in your hands with ſome ſtrictneſſe, no one had dar'd to ſuperviſe you: or, if after the War begun, you had driven *Jehu*-like, you might like him, even but drawing a bow at a venture, have ſmitten your enemies in the joynts of their harneſſe, and your ſelfe ſtill have ſate *regnant* in the Chariot.

Ch. *But upon what account did you enter the ſtage, and how at laſt did you arrive at that height of impudence, that you, of a whole reduced people, durſt undertake to ſit as my Judge? upon what principles did thy ſeared conſcience lay her foundation? or with what peace did it ever think to enjoy any thing ſo injuriouſly, and without all right gotten?*

Br. When now the *Cauſe* began to thrive, and things did ſucceed, even beyond expectation, *Felix & proſperum nefas virtus vocatur:* all Oppoſers becoming now Delinquents, and their ſequeſtred Eſtates without controll filling the new-made *Treaſuries*, I ſtruck in for ſomething, and by application to ſome of the Grandees of the then leading faction, inſinuated my ſelfe, as a Pleader at the bars of their licentious *Committees*, wherein I ſoon became a great Proficient, for I argued down learning, and endeavoured to ſubvert even the very foundation thereof, the *Univerſities:* whereby, and ſuch other the like practiſes, I was now thought a fitting ground for any impreſſion; hereupon I became acquainted with many Leaders, and in particular, with that ſink of ſin and forge of Satan, *Nich: Machiavels*

Machiavels elder brother in their heatheniſh Policies, old *Noll*, him we looked upon as *Solo riens*, and all his actions as fitting Precepts for a State to be ruled by: this man hammering in his head how to bring that to paſſe, which *he* ſo egregiouſly afterward effected, by a counterfeit of zeal gained an opinion of *godly*; and under that notion his intended *villainies* paſſed the vote without any ſerious examination. How he did court you into a trap, your ſelfe I believe is too ſenſible; and becauſe he could not himſelf, he undermin'd your moſt intimate friends to betray you: what force could at that time have manacled you, if you had not run into *Caresbrook* Goal; and there too he was like to have been out-witted, for had you in that perſonall *Treaty* granted at firſt what you conceded and yielded to at laſt, you had taken Time by the fore-lock, and in all probability had ſtill been King; but, *Poſt eſt occaſio calva*: which he knowing, and not willing to hazzard his deſigne any more, gets you into his clutches.

Ch. *But was it his intention at that time to uſe me as he did afterwards?*

Br. Yes truly was it, for then was the *High Court of Juſtice* a framing, and my ſelfe at laſt after much debating, choſen *Preſident* thereof.

Ch. *But how did you think to look me your King in the face? with what ſpirit were you poſſeſſed? or what inducements had you to move you thereto?*

Br. I knew an act of that height muſt be carried on with that undaunted courage, and when my ſentence was paſt, and you laid aſide, I knew honour and wealth would both attend me.

Ch. *But what ſhould you have done, if I had pleaded as you urged me?*

Why

Why the thing had been ſtill the ſame; *Cromwell* himſelfe ſaid, there was a fatal neceſſity, that either *You* or *He* muſt die. *Nec Cæſar ſuperiorem nec Pompeius parem*: he joyn'd both humors in his own perſon, for he could brook neither ſuperior nor equal. All things now thus fitted, and reſolved on, I endeavoured to ſtill my conſcience into a beliefe of the legality of my fact; and to that purpoſe I did light on a paſſage that pleaſed me, and the more for that it was out of our own Chronicles; the paſſage was this: In a *Parliament* time there was a certain head of *Wax* made by *Negromancy* (as it was reported) which head at an houn appointed to ſpeak, uttered theſe words following, at three times, and then ceaſed to ſpeak any more: the words are theſe. Firſt, *The Head ſhall be cut off.* 2. *The Head ſhall be lift up aloft.* And, 3. *The feet ſhall be lift up aloft above the Head.* This happened in the time of that *Parliament* that was called, *The mercileſſe Parliament*, not long before that which was called, *The Parliament that wrought wonders.* By this thing was my wickedneſſe heightened, and I ſo confirm'd in my audaciouſneſſe, that I counted it a ſmall matter to imbrew my hands in the ſacred bloud of my King. After that fatall buſineſſe, I began to lord it over my brethren, and forgot the *turfe* from whence I ſprang: thus continuing for ſome time, at laſt I was arreſted by conſcience, *ſera venit ſed certa venit vindicta.* Oh the terrors of a guilty conſcience! how oft, in ghaſtly viſions have my thoughts preſented before me your *headleſs* perſon, whoſe ſprings of bloud have threatned an innundation both to my ſoul and body? then have I weighed the calm though provokld *Majeſty* that ſate on your brow, ſcorning fear, and diſdaining the terrors

of

of an enforced death, rather then make a breach on *those principles*, wherein *God* and *Nature* had tutored you, then is my soul torn in peices with amazement, and feels in it self the everlasting torments of a reprobated soul, and to add to my griefs, and heap up the measure of my woes, I was *cassheired* out of imployments, and by *him*, for whom I had ventured so much, and even hazarded that soul which was once purchased at a dearer rate.

Ch. *Why? were you turned out of office? what might be the reason, and who the person or persons that so either disaffected or feared you?*

Br. Even the same that I formerly spoke of *Cromwel* and his crew of bloodsuckers, for afterwards when his devilish ambition aspired to grasp the *Scepter* into his *single* hand, and I was consulted with, how the same might with most applause be brought about, I declared, and told him freely, that *if he had such a thought to usurp the government, he and (by his means we) had committed the most horrid Treason that ever was heard of*, to which he answered, his resolution was fixed and he would go through what ever hapned, and so he did; for shortly after he thrust out of doors those *Quacksalvers of State*, which for 14 yeers before had sate and hatched nothing but mischief, and from henceforwards I was discarded, and he played absolutely *Rex*; and now began a grand dispute between Liberty and Tyranny (almost as hot as in your time) for they are incompatible and cannot meet together, or if they do, they last not; every one seeks his own perfection, which depending upon the destruction of another, they seek it there. It seems strange to the *People* that they should be *free*, and yet *serve*, but is more *strange*

to the Tyrant that he ſhould be *chief Lord* and not command, for whilſt by violence Liberty is taken away it enforceth withal a violent Government; for to live quietly, it behoves either to be totally free or totally tied to ſervitude. Now *Noll*, according to *old Nick's* rule of ingratitude, having pulled down the ſteps by which he roſe, was at firſt followed by many, becauſe he conferred on them authority, but before his end he was hated by them, becauſe he incenſed them by bereaving them of it; he would not endure the *Parliament* which himſelf called, and becauſe they took *him* as a *Companion*, whom they accepted as their *Prince*; he would make them *ſlaves*, whom he took for *aſſiſtant Officers*: thus they grew into factions, till at laſt, after one of his *Daughters* had died *frantick* and *another* lived *Pockified*, *himſelf* in a *furious ſtorm* and tempeſt of wind was hurried away, whether to *Heaven* or to *Hell* I will not judge; though probably the *latter* place was beſt deſerved.

Ch. *'Tis an approved rule among moral men*, Turpe eſt doctori cum culpa redarguit ipſum, *my raign was thought bad, though like* Solomons *it abounded in gold and goodneſs, but my* Succeſſors *little finger was heavier then my loins*, Clodius accuſat graechos, catilina Cethegum, *I was accuſed for evil Councellors; but theſe like* Catiline *made a conjuration againſt the Commonwealth, and caroufed to its confuſion in boles of blood*, O Tempora! O Mores! *but what ſucceeded after him?*

Br. The people yet contriving in their frenzy, ſet up an *Idol* after their own imagination: The people gave their *eare-rings*, *& ecce evenit vitatus iſte.* Squire *Dicke* mounts the Stage, but like a young player danted with that he was not accuſtomed, he forgets his part,

part, and ſo after a little pauſe, and a turn or two, with a general hiſs, *exit*, leaving his ſtink behind him.

Ch. *Why? was* He *forced to relinquiſh his ill gotten rule, and to retain to a* private *life?*

Er. Yea verily, and a good ſhift too, he had *Hobſons choice*, ſo or nothing: and after him returnes the many headed *Hydra* endeavouring with the *Beare* to lick themſelves into a model, and to that purpoſe, enter *Hieronimo, with the good Old Cauſe*, like the man in the Moon with a bundle of buſhes at his back.

Ch. *The* Good Old Cauſe, *what was that? bid thoſe* Phaeton-like *drivers return to the firſt principles they had before their* rebellion.

Er. Alas! no ſuch matter, but now as they formerly *Martyred* you, now they were to drive out another; and here *I* became uſeful again, now *I* was looked upon, ſaluted, exalted, and Offices beſtowed upon *me*; once more *I* made my ſelf cock-ſure: but ſee how fickle is our fortune, and how vain are our hopes, even in the height of our riſing, we were ſuddainly overthrown, and all our greatneſs vaniſht into ayr. And as to the thing called the *Good Old Cauſe*, it is no other then the *Quarrel* at firſt begun with *you*, and now newnamed, nicknamed, or indeed rather *rebaptiſed*, but it was not long reverenced either for its *age*, or *goodneſs*, but like an old Almanack laid aſide as uſeleſs, and this was it that broke my heart, the ayr of a *Common-wealth*, with the profit ariſing thereby, might have lengthned my life, but to ſee *Mars* triumphant, and yet *our ſelves* caſheired, would it not even vex a *Saint*? I took pleaſure in nothing, not in *Deanes and Chapters* Lands, though enriched by them, nor in my *high-builded neſt*, whereby I trample on *Churches*, for,

for the Cauſe, the *Good Old Cauſe*, my heart did bleed: and what with that, the loſs of my employments, and the certainty of never enjoying the like again, made me like *Achitophel* retire and die, and oh that now I might find that ſo much controverted *Purgatory*, but ah *ex inferno nulla eſt redemptio*, I had not ever grace enough to repent, and therefore now muſt my *Ghoſt* wander reſtleſs up and down, for in hell I find no company; the fact that I did was ſo unparralleld, that it is with me as the *Preacher* ſaid once it was with the *Jeſuites*, there was a *little Hell* prepared for them on purpoſe, leſt they ſhould breed *confuſion* among all the reſt: ſo I find there is not onely a *little Hell*, but *peculiar torments*, for ſuch heaven-daring *regicides*, for *Pluto* himſelf is afraid to be condemned and *unthroned*, if I might be admitted at large in Hell.

Ch. *Then ſtay thou there* (foul fiend) *& when men ſee*
A time to murther Kings *they'l ſend for thee.*

Br. But let me not be ſo condemned, for that untill, or when may never again enter ſo much as into the imagination, and of a crime ſo horrid may yet attain to ought may be an expiation, though now diſſolved from the body; I may thereby be made the better able to make ſome ſatisfaction, if not by act yet by adviſe ſucceſful.

Ch. *Think not of an attonement, yet let me heare what means you can direct, that may though but in ſhew tend to the effect you ſpeak of.*

Br. I hinted to you lately, wherein I thought you failed, which was your too much lenity, but now as I am but a ſhade, and can be no long an actor upon the Earth, yet may my Councels prove advantagious, by how much ſpirits are more knowing, becauſe a more

more retired nature then mortals can be, and therefore ſay ſince things are arrived to that pitch, that they can hardly aime, and being grown ſo bad that they are now beyond compare, thus being at the worſt they'l mend, and he who now is your ſucceſſor but in hopes, if rul'd by my adviſe, may prove the ſame in *eſſe*.

Ch. *But how may this be done?*

Br. Make *Cromwel* but your pattern and tis done, for when the Houſe of Commons oppoſed his deſigns, then was extolled the liberty of the people, and the authority of Parliament cryed down, until the Levellers were made uſe of, to purge the Houſe of Commons and make it ſubſervient to his ends, and aboliſh the houſe of Lords; then they cryed up the ſupreame authority of the Houſe of Commons, and decryed the liberty of the people and the Levellers that upheld it: ſo *Charles* the fift, firſt made uſe of the Popes Authority to ſubdue the Proteſtants of *Germany*, and then uſed an Army of Proteſtants to ſubdue and impriſon the Pope: I need not interpret my meaning, I hope you perceive my intentions; but here was not all, for about the ſame time, it was debated at the Council of War to maſacre and put to the ſword all your party.

Ch. *Surely it could not be, that ſuch horridneſs could be imagined, by perſons pretending ſo much ſanctity and Religion.*

Br. But true it is, for then was the High Court of Juſtice revived, *Hamilton* a known enemy to your houſe, couſened into his death, for when he was upon the Scaffold, divers Officers of the Army, and *Hugh Peters* converſed familiarly with him to the laſt, and

meſſengers

Meſſengers paſſed to and fro, thus having gotten what was aimed at upon the Sunday after *Eaſter day*, ſix Preachers Militant at *White-hall*, tryed the patience of their hearers, one calling upon another ſucceſſively; at laſt the ſpirit of the Lord called up *Oliver Cromwel*, who ſtanding a good while with lifted up eies, as it were in a trance, and his neck inclining a little to one ſide, as if he had expected Mahomets Dove to deſcend and murmure in his eare, and ſending forth abundantly the groans of the ſpirit, ſpent an houre in prayer, and an hour and half in Sermon.

Ch. *But what tends this to what you lately ſpoke of?*

Br. As I muſt needs confeſs ſome impertinency therein, yet now I will proceed to the purpoſe, your ſon is right full heir to what you left, three Kingdoms and ſomething better; of all at preſent he is diſpoſſeſt, but may attain, if he can tend to joyn with ſelf intereſts, a time is now at hand, his patience hath gained friends, the Crowns of *France* and *Spain*, and well I know though it may be attempted, he is ſo firmly ſetled on all the ground and principles of his religion, that neither fears of loſs, or can any waies alter him, but day now breaks, and my farther ſtay at preſent is forbidden, which were it ſelf enough although not tormented by the terror of your frightful apparition.

Non vacat exiguis rebus adeſſe Jovi.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF JOHN BRADSHAW.

Furor eſt ne moriare mori.

Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy comming, &c. Iſa, 14. 9.

IN the Name of the DIVEL and his DAM, The *Good old Cauſe*, Amen. I *John Bradſhaw*, the moſt impious Villain the earth ever groaned under, being tormented in body, with the apparent Symptomes of the Plagues of Hell; but thankes to an evill and affrighted Conſcience of bloody Minde, and accurſed Memory, do make and ordain this my laſt WILL and TESTAMENT, in manner and form following.

Firſt, I moſt unwillingly ſurrender my loathed Soul into his hands that ſeduced it to the perpetration of ſo hideous a Murther, being well aſſured to be

be for ever tormented in HELL, and for that truſting ſolely to my own Merits.

Secondly, My wretched body I require to be laid upon a Herſe, *alias*, a Hurdle, and to be drawn from *Weſtminſter* through the Streets of *London*, to *Tower Hill*, to be moſt ignominiouſly there interr'd in the Grave of *Miles Sindercome* (his Corps being firſt thence removed) ſince being too honeſt and noble company for ſuch a *Caitiff*. And for my worldly Goods and preferments with which it hath pleaſed the Divel and his faithfull Servants the *Parliament*, to ſtore me, I do herein diſpoſe of them as followeth.

Firſt, I give and bequeath unto the Heires of my Lord *Cottington*, the Reverſion of his Mannor of *Hanworth*, and *Freemantle*, when neither the State nor my Aſſigns can hold it any longer.

Item, I give and bequeath my Mannors and Lands in *Cheſhire*, deſcended to me from my Anceſtors, to my good Friend and Countrey-man Sir *George Booth*, (whom I heartily thank for frighting me to this naturall death) towards the reparation of his Fortunes, or to any one elſe that can finde them.

Item, I give and bequeath my new made Lodgings at the Weſt end of *Weſtminſter* Abbey, to any of the preſent Grandees that are climbing and aſpiring to be higheſt, (though I cannot wiſh well to my Coſen *Lambert*.

Item, I give one hundred Groats to Alderman *Ireton*, in a gratefull remembrance of the damnable advice I had from his Brother, in reſpect of his own miſchievous ſervice to the Common-Wealth.

Item,

Item, I give and bequeath to my Fellow-Laborer, the Lord Chiefe Baron *Wilde*, my wrought Night-Cap wherein I slept so secure and dreadlesse of any direfull Apparitions, being exceedingly usefull to him against the haunting of the Ghost of innocent Captain *Burleigh*.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my familiar and close friend Mrs. *Lenthall*, the Speakers Lady, as much Scarlet of my High Court of Justice Robes, as will make her a Petticoat, to be worn against the next Thanksgiving day to be solemnized at Grocers Hall, and the remainder of it to be burnt to powder to cure the sore throats that Squire DUN will shortly make among my Consorts.

Item, I give and bequeath to the silent Speaker my Gold trimm'd Gloves, being used and accustomed to bribes, being a suitable qualification for the Master of the Rolls.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the Dishonorable *William* Earl of *Salisbury* my black silk Garters, that will be fitter for his Neck, than his blew Garter is for his Leg.

Item, The rest and residue of my Apparrel I give unto the Hang-man, to whom of due right they only do belong.

Item, I give all my Preferments unto my Brother *Lisle*, having been my Successor in my grand facinorious imployment; excepting only the Judgeship of the Sheriffs Court; which I would request the Londoners, for the great good I have done them, to confer again upon Mr. *Proctor*.

Item, I will and require my Executors hereafter

named, for the perpetuating that moſt infamous and abominable fact of *Regicidium* to diſpend annually one hundred pounds *Sterling* on an Aniverſary Oration in the Elogy of that Monk that ſtabb'd *Henry* the third of *France*.

Item, I give one thouſand Marks to any one that will aſſume and bear the name of *Ravillac* in that Kingdom, and ſo *continuis vicibus*, as often as the Wheel ſhall bruiſe any of them.

Item, Five hundred Marks more to the erecting of a ſtately Monument to the glorious memory of *Guy Fawks*; to be placed in the room of the late Tyrant and Traytor *Oliver*.

Item, I give one thouſand pounds more for the redemption of Turkiſh and Infidel ſlaves, taken by Piratical Chriſtians, and that Alderman *Pack* be Treaſurer for it, to whom I Will and Require my Executors to pay the ſame, taking ſecurity that he pay it within ten dayes after he hath cleared his account with the *Piedmont Proteſtants*.

Item, I do by all means deſire, and I do hereby ſtrictly charge my Executors, that *Peter Sterry* Preach my Funeral Sermon, and that he may (if poſſible) regain his credit. I do command him to ſay, *That I am placed at the right hand of the Divel*.

The reſt and reſidue of all my Goods and Chattels, Lands and Hereditaments, my eſpeciall and ſingular Vertue, my Religion, my Charity, my Mercy, I give to my dearly beloved Pimp, Mr. *Nedham*, deſiring him, that if he hangs not for his own ſake, he would hang for mine, requeſting my other *Mercury* Mr. *Will. Lilly*, and the above mentioned Eſquire *Dunne*, to be

aiding and aſſiſting to him in the excution of the premiſes. Bequeathing unto M. *Lilly* a hempen Chain, which he may either make uſe of himſelfe, or ſend as a return to the King of *Sweden*.

Signed, Sealed, and Declared by the aforeſaid *John Bradſhaw* to be his laſt *Will* and *Teſtament*.

In preſence of

JOHN BRADSHAW.

Hugh Peters.
Philip Nye.
John Canne.

FINIS.